

Peel The Scars From Off My Back by harringrovecryptid

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Summary:

Once Steve got an idea in his head there wasn't much anyone could do to stop him.

Which lead Billy to his current position: shirtless and resting on his stomach in the middle of Steve's bed with the aforementioned boy straddling his waist.

(aka: Billy is touch-starved and Steve wants to help)

Peel The Scars From Off My Back

Author's Note:

The title comes from the song "Welcome Home" by Radical Face.

Billy wasn't normally one for intimacy.

Sex? Yes. Hand-holding and cuddling? Hell no.

It probably had something to do with his dad. Neil always said real men didn't do girly shit like that. He considered it a sign of weakness. Like a dog rolling onto its back, offering submission in exchange for comfort. *And the Hargroves weren't dogs.*

Billy absently wondered what his dad would say if he could see him now. The thought alone made him grind his teeth together.

"Hey," Steve gently tapped at the back of Billy's head. "You tensing up is kind of the opposite of what I'm trying to do here."

"Sorry..." Billy absently murmured as he pushed his face into the crook of his arm, trying to get comfortable.

He didn't know exactly how the conversation started, but Steve came up with the idea of giving him a back massage. Which honestly sounded like a terrible idea but once Steve set his mind on something there wasn't much anyone could do to stop him.

Which lead Billy to his current position: shirtless and resting on his stomach in the middle of Steve's bed with the aforementioned boy straddling his waist.

Steve leaned forward and gently kissed Billy's shoulder. He could feel the soft cotton of Steve's well-worn t-shirt brush across his back and everything about that feeling made Billy burrow his face a little deeper into the safety of his arms.

It felt amazing. But it wasn't supposed to feel like that. Something in the back of his mind, his father's voice, was screaming that this isn't

what men do. Men aren't supposed to enjoy soft things.

And maybe that's why Billy hated Steve so much when he first moved to Hawkins. There was nothing rough or sharp about him. But he still seemed happy, and people still loved him.

Everything about Steve was soft. From the sound of his voice to the warmth in his eyes. And it was only a matter of time before Billy let himself be enveloped by that warmth, despite his better judgement.

A squirting noise caused Billy to turn his head back and look over his shoulder. Steve was squeezing some lotion into his palm.

"Are you getting me prepped for you, Harrington?" Billy bit out with a grin.

Steve smiled and shook his head. "Shut up."

Billy was going to say more. But then Steve started rubbing the lotion across his shoulders and it was a lot colder than he expected.

"Jesus Steve!" Billy hissed.

Steve only chuckled in response. But he pressed another kiss to the top of Billy's head as a silent apology.

The lotion slowly warmed under Steve's nimble fingers as he massaged it into Billy's skin. It smelled like vanilla and quickly filled the room with that warm relaxing aroma.

Steve's hands slowly switched from massaging to kneading as his palms pressed deeper into Billy's shoulder.

"You're so tense," he whispered. "It's like you've got rope under your skin or something."

Billy winced as Steve worked around an especially stiff knot in the crook of his neck. It felt like a rock was lodged there and Steve was just digging it deeper into his shoulder.

"When was the last time someone gave you a massage?" Billy could hear the concern in Steve's voice. He was always so open with his

feelings and Billy envied him for it.

“Never.” Billy murmured.

Steve’s hands stilled. Billy could feel him resituate himself. His fingers moved to rest on his shoulders in support as Steve leaned over, trying to look Billy in the eye.

“Never?”

Billy tucked his face into his arms again. He shook his head.

There was a moment where neither of them moved. Then Steve slowly lowered his chest onto Billy’s back. It wasn’t an unpleasant weight. Harrington felt more like a heavy quilt than something trying to crush him. All the air Billy had been unconsciously holding in his chest slowly left in one long exhale.

Then Steve slid his arms under and around Billy as best he could so his warm, vanilla scented hands rested on top of the arms Billy was hiding behind.

They stayed like that for a while. Billy feeling Steve rise and fall with him in every breath, and with every exhale he felt more and more stress fade away. It was as close as they could get to a hug in their current position.

Billy couldn’t think of the last time he was this physically close to someone without sex being involved. And even then, the skin to skin contact wasn’t this consistent. This present.

It was something Billy didn’t even realize he had been missing and longing for until now. Until Steve.

Billy could feel his breathing grow uneven as he tried to hold back the feelings that were bubbling to the surface. He should have known Steve would feel it too.

It still took him by surprise when one of Steve’s fingers clumsily wiped away the tears that had begun to tumble down his face. That wonderful act only made Billy cry harder, and he didn’t understand why.

Steve was being so good to him, shouldn't he feel happy? Why was he crying? Why did his heart feel like it was contracting like a fist?

"Hey," Steve whispered while planting gentle kisses amidst Billy's sandy-blond locks. "It's okay. You're okay."

But that was the problem.

Billy had been living his life in fear under his dad's fist for so long, he'd forgotten what 'okay' felt like. And now that he remembered, now that he was experiencing the love and care that had been withheld for so long, he couldn't help but feel overwhelmed.

Steve pressed one final kiss to Billy's head before he lifted himself up and started massaging Billy's shoulders and neck again.

Billy missed the closeness of the other boy's body against his, but the feeling of Steve pushing and willing all the hurt and anxieties away was just as cathartic.

Steve worked on his back until all the knots and taut muscles were gone. Billy felt like putty beneath his hands and could no longer hold back the moans of pain and relief that had been trapped inside his chest for so long.

By the time Steve was done Billy felt as weak as a kitten. It was like something deep inside him was finally uncoiled, and he could breathe again. Billy had never felt this vulnerable or this free in his entire life.

Steve curled up next to Billy's prone body, finally able to look into his eyes.

"Better?" He whispered.

Billy could only manage a tired nod. But it was enough for Steve.

The brunette smiled and leaned into Billy's personal space. He starting by pressing butterfly kissed to Billy's eyelids and then methodically kissing along his tear-stained face until he was satisfied, finally kissed Billy on the lips. There was a hint of salt, but it couldn't quite mask the taste that was uniquely Steve. It tasted like home.

They stayed like that for the rest of the night with their foreheads pressed together. Eventually Billy found enough strength to pull Steve's back against his chest. Their fingers interlaced as Billy pressed kissed to the crook of Steve's neck, nibbling on the small knots under Steve's own skin.

Billy was going to do something about that tomorrow.

But for tonight, they found relief in each other's arms.

Author's Note:

There was never a point in the show where anyone gave Billy positive physical contact, so I wanted to fix that.

Thank you so much for reading! I hope you enjoyed it!

Please let me know in the comments below!

Works inspired by this one:

- [Peel the Scars from off my Back \(FANART!!!\)](#) by AngstApocalypse